Winter for the Adept, by Andrew Cartmel

A Big Finish Productions Doctor Who Audio Drama, released Jul 2000

[Part One]

OLDER ALISON [narrating]: I well remember that winter as long as the embers of memories still glow feebly in my mind. That haunted winter night when I met the man who calls himself the Doctor. And if I ever need reminding, I need only dip into my diary, now cracked and brittle and worn with age. December 22nd 1963. If I was to give a title to this time in my life, I would call it Trapped in the Ghost Academy.

(Cold wind howls.)
ALISON [narrating]: Dear diary. I am staring out a high window in the Academy, looking at the snowy roof in the moonlight. I can see the slope of it, the jutting Gothic shadow of the tall chimney, and the statuary which stand guard at the four corners of the compass. A more excitable person might call them gargoyles. All right, the Academy is a little bit on the creepy side. Perhaps it reflects the character of its owner, Miss Tremayne. I'll never forget her opening speech to us new girls.

TREMAYNE: (Scottish) Hygiene is key. The avoidance of germs. We are helped in this by the clinical cleanliness of the fresh, cold, alpine air, and the cool purity of the Good Book. We must open our souls to the Word, just as we open our windows to the chill, purifying air of the alpine valleys.

ALISON [narrating]: Yes, basically Miss Tremayne is an eccentric Scots spinster with a religious fixation. But she had the inspiration to set up an expensive Finishing School for Young Ladies, tucked away snugly in a château high in the breathtaking Swiss Alps, as the brochure puts it. Rather too tucked away, as it turned out.

MAUPASSANT: (French) My dears, my poor little pigeons.

ALISON [narrating]: It was Mademoiselle Maupassant, our French mistress, who broke the news to us.

MAUPASSANT: My dears, take a deep breath. It's a comprehensive disappointment. We are sorely stranded. Zis blizzard has us trapped. We are all in ze same boat.

ALISON [narrating]: And that's how it was. Trapped in the Ghost Academy. That's how the place felt, haunted and empty. With all the girls gone home for the holidays, we were quite cut off. The snow had brought the telephone lines down. The last one to make a call was Peril. Peril and I were the only girls left. Three days before Christmas, and the place is echo-y and empty and ghostly. Mademoiselle Maupassant sits in the music room and fails to cheer us up with her choice of music. The other girls got away just in time. They will be at home with their families for Christmas, a privilege which it seems is to be denied to Peril and I. Before my parents could come to collect me, the approach roads to our breathtaking remote valley became breathtakingly snowed in. So here I am, stranded. And as for Peril.

PERIL: It's despicable. It's vile treachery.

ALISON [narrating]: As for Peril Bellamy, well, her situation is somewhat different.

PERIL: It's quite simple. I'm not going to stand for it.

ALISON [narrating]: Peril is a girl who more than lives up to her name. She's three years older than me. Nineteen.

PERIL: All right, I haven't been an angel.

ALISON [narrating]: And certain previous exploits of hers have lead her parents to believe that they'll have a more pleasant and peaceful Christmas under certain conditions.

PERIL: Still, there's no cause for *this*.

ALISON [narrating]: That is, if their dear daughter wasn't underfoot. If indeed she was to remain at school over the holidays.

PERIL: In short, I've been dumped here like an unwanted parcel.

ALISON [narrating]: And Peril isn't one to put up with this sort of treatment. It brings out her rebellious streak. A rather large streak.

PERIL: Alison! For God's sake be careful with that rope.

ALISON [narrating]: All of which is why I'm standing at this window, freezing, I might add, helping her to use some of the school's very expensive mountain climbing gear to escape.

PERIL: Gently now, gently.

ALISON [narrating]: I watch Peril, dressed like a commando, descend the icy slope of the broad Mansard roof. Her inky shadow is sharp on the frosted whiteness in the moonlight. She slides down the tiles and embraces the nearest gargoyle.

PERIL Made it! Oh, come on, Ali. I've secured the other rope. I'm going to drop it now. Oh, getting to the ground from here is a piece of

ALISON [narrating]: Yes, mad as it seems, I'm going to join Peril Bellamy in her attempt to escape. Although escape isn't the word. What is the word? Ah yes. Elope.

NYSSA: Oh, if there is anything worse than snow in the shoes, I would like to know what it is. Just hold this a moment, he says. It won't bite you, he says. I wish it had bitten me. At least I wouldn't be here. And where is here? Predominately oxygen atmosphere, luckily. Mountainous region. Cold. Oh, very cold. It's worse than Alaska. Serves me right for helping the Doctor with one of his experiments. Oh, this is all your fault, Doctor!
(Swish of skis.)
SANDOZ: Who is this doctor, madam? It seems a shame to lay such all-encompassing blame on the poor man's shoulders.
NYSSA: Who are you?
SANDOZ: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. I'm Lieutenant Sandoz of the Valaintary Mountain Rescue Force. It would seem you are very fortunate to encounter me, madam.
NYSSA: Call me Nyssa.
SANDOZ: Put on my scarf, Nyssa. You must be terribly cold.
NYSSA: Oh, thank you.
SANDOZ: I also have a spare pair of skis here.
NYSSA: You also have a gun.
SANDOZ: Yes. The Mountain Rescue Force serves as the local constabulary in this area.
NYSSA: So you are a policeman on skis.
SANDOZ: Essentially, yes. And in a minute, we'll have you on skis as well.
(Rattle of ski bindings.)
SANDOZ: There you go.
NYSSA: You almost seem to be expecting me.
SANDOZ: I was expecting someone. I've been asked to check on the inhabitants of a school.
NYSSA: A school?
SANDOZ: Yes. Are you sure you know how to ski?

NYSSA: Er, of course I do. Whoa!
SANDOZ: (laughing) Yes, well, we'll proceed very slowly.

(Walking on snow.)
ALISON: Peril, are you sure you're doing the right thing?
PERIL: I've got the compass, haven't I?
ALISON: I wasn't really talking about the direction we're travelling.
PERIL: Oh Alison, what on Earth are you on about?
ALISON: Are you sure you should be running off like this?
PERIL: Of course I am. I'm on my way to get married, aren't I? Oh, just wait until my mother finds out.
ALISON: Well, that's really what I mean. Are you sure you're not eloping just out of spite?
PERIL: Oh, don't be daft. I just wish I could see her face, that's all.
ALISON: All right. But are you sure you know what you're doing?
PERIL: I just told you.
ALISON: I meant the compass, this time. Are you sure you know where we're going?
PERIL: Of course.
ALISON: It's just that the snow is getting very heavy and the wind is picking up.
PERIL: Oh, come on. Where's your sense of humour?

SANDOZ: There it is, our destination.
NYSSA: Oh, what an odd place for a school.
SANDOZ: It's an odd school. But we are fortunate to reach it in time. There's a bad mountain storm coming, and soon the visibility will drop to nothing.
NYSSA: And it's so cold.
SANDOZ: Here, put this around you.
NYSSA: Oh, thank you. You know, you didn't have to stop skiing just because I did.
SANDOZ: We're almost there now, and you actually did very well on skis.
NYSSA: If I wasn't a walking bruise from head to toe I might be more inclined to believe that.
SANDOZ: May I ask, how exactly did you come to be here in such inappropriate clothing?
NYSSA: Well, it was perfectly appropriate on board the Tardis.
SANDOZ: The Tardis?
NYSSA: The Doctor tends to keep the living quarters unacceptably warm and humid. Although it wouldn't be unacceptable now, I can tell you.
SANDOZ: Living quarters. I see. This Tardis is a ship?
NYSSA: Yes, for travel between worlds.
SANDOZ: Between worlds? I see.
NYSSA: My homeworld is called Traken. Why are you looking at me like that?
SANDOZ: Never mind. We're almost at the school now. I'm sure you'll feel better when you're inside in the warm.
NYSSA: Wait. Someone's coming.
(Rapid creaking of snow.)
TREMAYNE: Hello, Lieutenant. Thank the Good Lord you've arrived. The girls have disappeared.
SANDOZ: I don't understand, Miss Tremayne. Disappeared?
TREMAYNE: Crept away without our knowledge. They borrowed some mountain climbing equipment from the cupboard without permission! Didn't even bother to sign it out in the book. And climbed down from the roof with it.
SANDOZ: Why would they do such a thing?
TREMAYNE: You don't know these girls. They smuggle hot water bottles into their rooms. The parents send them electric blankets, flannel pyjamas.
NYSSA: I'm sorry, I don't follow. Flannel pyjamas?
TREMAYNE: It's the warmth. It breeds corrupting ideas, disobedience and rebellion. And troubles never come singly. There's something else.
SANDOZ: Er, that's quite enough, madam. A storm is coming with lethal force, and these girls are out in it. I must find them. Take this young woman
NYSSA: Nyssa.
SANDOZ: Take her inside with you and make her warm.
TREMAYNE: Warm? But Lieutenant, you haven't heard the worst of it.
(Removes Nyssa's skis.)
SANDOZ: I must go. I must find the girls before the storm arrives.

TREMAYNE: But Lieutenant, we need your help!
(Skis away.)
NYSSA: Perhaps I can help.
TREMAYNE: I doubt it. It's a very particular problem.
NYSSA: What is particular about it?
TREMAYNE: Spirits.
NYSSA: Spirits?
TREMAYNE: The spirits of the dead. Ah, here comes my French mistress.
MAUPASSANT: 'Ello? I am Mademoiselle Maupassant.
NYSSA: Hello.
MAUPASSANT: You're freezing. Come inside, you poor thing.

MAUPASSANT: Warm yourself by ze fire.
NYSSA: Oh, that's better. Thank you.
MAUPASSANT: And 'ere, zis coffee should still be drinkable.
NYSSA: You're very kind.
MAUPASSANT: Zere's plenty. Miss Tremayne doesn't touch it.
NYSSA: Am I right in thinking she is your employer?
MAUPASSANT: She is ze headmistress, yes.
NYSSA: She seems very concerned with the spirits of the dead.
MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne has her beliefs.
NYSSA: It seems to me she should be more worried about the living, if two of her charges are missing.
MAUPASSANT: You wouldn't say zat if you'd 'ad our experiences of recent weeks.
NYSSA: What do you mean?
TREMAYNE: Pardon me. I'm doing the windows. I must open the window in here.
MAUPASSANT: Oh, but actually our guest has just suffered a freezing experience.
TREMAYNE: Rubbish! It'll do her good. Stale air breeds spiritual staleness. That is probably the root cause of our problems. Now excuse me, but I must just see that there's a healthy draught throughout the rest of the school. This storm will be a godsend, blow all the cobwebs away.
(Tremayne leaves. Window closed.)
NYSSA: That's better.
MAUPASSANT: You may 'ave to open it again when she returns.
NYSSA: May I ask why you've chosen a mad woman as your employer?
MAUPASSANT: No, now, a little eccentric, perhaps, but not mad.
NYSSA: But all that hysteria about the spirits of the dead. I've had some experience of such things, but she seems a little extreme.
MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne 'as some grounds for what you describe as her hysteria.
NYSSA: You take her seriously. Why?
MAUPASSANT: Inexplicable phenomena in ze school. Luckily, we managed to conceal it from ze girls. But now, quite frankly, it is beginning to get out of hand. Thank God most of them are home for ze holidays.
NYSSA: What kind of phenomena?
(Scream.)
NYSSA: Miss Tremayne!
MAUPASSANT: Come quickly.

(Large echoing space.)
MAUPASSANT: it came from out here.
NYSSA: There she is.
(Tremayne is whimpering.)
MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne, what is it?
TREMAYNE: The windows, look at them.
NYSSA: They seem perfectly normal.
TREMAYNE: They should be open. I opened all of them. And when I turned round a moment later, they'd all shut themselves again.
NYSSA: They've simply blown closed. The wind did it.
TREMAYNE: And did it latch them as well? Look. Oh, now forgive me. I must leave you.
MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne, wait. Where are you going?

TREMAYNE: To the Chapel, to pray for our souls.
(Footsteps recede.)
NYSSA: I take it then that this Chapel is some primitive place of worship?
MAUPASSANT: (laughs) Don't let Miss Tremayne hear you call it primitive. Now, come back into ze warm.

(Door opens.)
MAUPASSANT: I zink after zat we are entitled to open ze school cognac.
(Clink, liquid pours.)
MAUPASSANT: Here.
NYSSA: Oh, no thank you. She could have closed the windows herself, you know. There's a scientific explanation for everything, I've learned.
MAUPASSANT: She could 'ave. But that look of terror on her face.
NYSSA: She strikes me as a highly suggestible individual, one who. What?
MAUPASSANT: Do you smell something?
NYSSA: What?
MAUPASSANT: A faint scent, like dead roses.
NYSSA: (sniffs) No. What's happening to the light?
MAUPASSANT: Oh, the bulb, it's
(Plink!)
MAUPASSANT: Merde! Now, where are the candles.
(Strikes match.)
MAUPASSANT: Ah well, brandy by candlelight, it's not so bad. But you aren't drinking. What's ze matter?
NYSSA: You know, I do smell something now. A faint scent of flowers.
MAUPASSANT: Look at ze candle flame.
NYSSA: It's just a draught.
(Scraping noise outside.)
NYSSA: What's that?
MAUPASSANT: Out here!

(Door opens.)
NYSSA: It sounded like a piece of furniture being dragged.
MAUPASSANT: Yes, it's happened before.
NYSSA: Wait. That wardrobe was on the other side of the doorway, wasn't it?
MAUPASSANT: Yes. Now do you begin to see?
NYSSA: Ah, ah, it's too heavy. How could anyone move it so quickly?
MAUPASSANT: 'Ave you ever heard ze word poltergeist?
NYSSA: No. What does it mean?
MAUPASSANT: Ze derivation is German. It refers to a mischievous ghost. Look at ze floor here. Long scratches.
NYSSA: That's where it was dragged.
MAUPASSANT: It looks almost like ze marks of an animal. Claws.
(Banging on door.)
MAUPASSANT: Ah! Mon dieu.
NYSSA: What is it?
MAUPASSANT: Ze door.
(Door opens.)
SANDOZ: Won't anyone let us in?
MAUPASSANT: Lieutenant Sandoz!
NYSSA: And it looks like he's found your girls.
SANDOZ: Quickly, one of them is ill.
ALISON: It's all right, it's just a migraine. I'll be all right.
MAUPASSANT: Bring zem into ze parlour. We 'ave a fire going.
PERIL: I want a hot bath, that's what I want.
MAUPASSANT: Of course, Peril, dear. Nyssa, would you take poor Alison back into ze parlour?

(Door opens and closes.)
NYSSA: Come close to the fire.

ALISON: That's more like it.
NYSSA: Do you often get such attacks?
ALISON: Migraine? Occasionally. And like tonight, they usually begin phantom scents.
NYSSA: What do you mean?
ALISON: I have the vivid illusion that I'm smelling something that isn't there.
NYSSA: Was it by any chance a scent of dead flowers?
ALISON: How did you know that?
NYSSA: I think I need to speak to your French mistress.

(Walking on wooden floors.)
MAUPASSANT: So, you begin to believe me.
NYSSA: I'm still sceptical about this so-called poltergeist activity, but
MAUPASSANT: But enough so zat you drag me away from my supper. Zis is ze Chapel.
(Door creaks and scrapes open.)
TREMAYNE: Please preserve my purity. Spare us from the spirits of the dead, from corrupt influence, the evil within and without.
NYSSA: There is no doubt, Mademoiselle, that your headmistress has been exposed to something terrifying. Miss Tremayne?
TREMAYNE: Keep the windows of our souls open.
MAUPASSANT: Please, Miss Tremayne. Forgive our intrusion.
TREMAYNE: Don't allow Satan to slam them and seal them tight. Don't allow the pestilence to breed within.
NYSSA: Her mind seems to have snapped.
MAUPASSANT: Ze poor woman.
SANDOZ: Excuse me, ladies.
TREMAYNE: Satan is at the door.
SANDOZ: Miss Tremayne, I must speak to you.
TREMAYNE: Do not let him in.
SANDOZ: Please, Miss Tremayne.
MAUPASSANT: You're fighting a lost cause.
SANDOZ: I must speak with you.
TREMAYNE: The spirits of the dead seek to harm us, but we shall not yield. (under dialogue) By our purity we shall drive off the menacing spirits and apparitions of the night.
SANDOZ: I must tell you the real reason I came here tonight.
NYSSA: It's no good. She can't hear you.
SANDOZ: Miss Tremayne, Peril ran away because was going to elope.
TREMAYNE: Elope?
SANDOZ: Yes. With me.
TREMAYNE: What? I can't believe what I am hearing! You going to adopt one of my pupils?
SANDOZ: Nothing like it. We are in love. We are going to get married.
TREMAYNE: Love? Married? I have a duty to protect my girls. I'm going to have you stripped of whatever dubious authority you once possessed, Lieutenant.
(Stomps out of the Chapel and shuts the door.)
NYSSA: Congratulations, Lieutenant. You've achieved what would have taken a team of skilled psychologists weeks.
SANDOZ: She's very angry.
MAUPASSANT: And so she should be. By any standards your behaviour is a disgrace.
NYSSA: Still, Miss Tremayne's back to normal, apart from a tenacious belief in ghosts.
SANDOZ: Ghosts? Is this some kind of joke?
NYSSA: It's increasingly serious, Lieutenant.
SANDOZ: I don't believe in ghosts.
NYSSA: You may find yourself a convert, and quite soon if I'm not alone in smelling something.
MAUPASSANT: Yes, it's starting again.
SANDOZ: What do you mean? Isn't that incense?
NYSSA: Do you use incense in this Chapel?
MAUPASSANT: Not at all.
NYSSA: Then I suggest we find the others quickly, before it begins.
SANDOZ: Before what begins?
(A distant crash and scream.)

NYSSA: Too late.

ALISON: Peril, what did you do?
PERIL: I didn't touch it, I swear.
TREMAYNE: Alison, Peril, what is going on?
NYSSA: Are you all right?
ALISON: It was the big mirror on the Refectory wall.
PERIL: Now it's the big mirror on the Refectory floor in a million pieces, look.
ALISON: It came flying off the wall
PERIL: And missed me by the skin of its teeth.
MAUPASSANT: Something pulled it off ze wall.
SANDOZ: Nonsense. The hook supporting it merely gave way.
TREMAYNE: Impossible. It was secured by threaded nails.
ALISON: She means screws.
SANDOZ: Obviously a poor job, though.
ALISON: Look at it. Look at the pieces of mirror.
PERIL: My goodness, they're moving. It's like a swarm of wasps.
SANDOZ: It's just a draught, some kind of a ow!
ALISON: They're skinning us.
PERIL: Peter, are you all right?
NYSSA: Everybody out of here now!
ALISON: They're coming after us! Look out!
(Lots of cries of oh and ow. Running.)
PERIL: It's all right, we're too quick for it.
NYSSA: Don't slow down.
PERIL: We're home and dry.
(Scraping sound.)
NYSSA: The wardrobe again.
SANDOZ: Blocking the corridor.
ALISON: We're trapped!
TREMAYNE: This way. Up the stairs to the attic.
(Running up stairs.)

(Gasping, scraping.)
SANDOZ: I don't know what that was, but we're safe now. Nothing can get in here now.
NYSSA: What's that, then?
ALISON: What?
NYSSA: Those trunks in the corner, they're moving.
SANDOZ: It's just some kind of vibration.
(Knocking on the door.)
MAUPASSANT: Mon dieu.
TREMAYNE: Commend your souls to the Lord. Satan is at hand.
(Lots of rattling.)
PERIL: It's inside. It's in here with us!
ALISON: Help! Someone, please.
PERIL: What is it? It looks like
(Faint wheezing of Time engines.)
ALISON: It can't be!
MAUPASSANT: It says Police on it.
NYSSA: About time.
SANDOZ: What is that?
(The Tardis materialises.)
NYSSA: That, Lieutenant, is the Tardis.
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Good evening. I assume it's evening. If not, good morning. Or, afternoon.
NYSSA: And this is the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Have I arrived at an inopportune moment?
TREMAYNE: An agent of Satan.
DOCTOR: Ah, no, madam, I assure you I'm very much

(Thud.)
MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne.
DOCTOR: My own agent. Oh dear, poor woman.
MAUPASSANT: She had fainted.

MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne? Miss Tremayne? Miss Tremayne? Are you feeling better?
TREMAYNE: Why am I in bed? Where am I? The Infirmary?
MAUPASSANT: Yes. You fainted. I carried you 'ere wiz ze 'elp of ze Lieutenant.
TREMAYNE: That filthy swine! He's old enough to be Peril's father. Where is he?
MAUPASSANT: Trying his luck on the school's short wave radio, I believe.
TREMAYNE: And that other man, the one who arrived so strangely.
MAUPASSANT: Still in ze attic.

DOCTOR: Alison, come away from the Tardis.
ALISON: I touched it. It's almost as if the surface of it is alive.
DOCTOR: Indeed.
ALISON: It makes a hum you can feel right down to your toes.
DOCTOR: It's a shame Nyssa doesn't seem to share your enthusiasm about our arrival, Alison.
NYSSA: It took you long enough to find me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I can't tell you how relieved I am to have tracked you down.
NYSSA: Relieved and lucky.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know you're angry with me, but luck had nothing to do with it. When I accidentally teleported you, I made sure I traced your destination.
ALISON: What does it mean, teleported?
NYSSA: It's a very unpleasant experience.
DOCTOR: You can't just leave the explanation at that, Nyssa.
NYSSA: All right. It's a way of getting from one place to another in a very swift fashion. Very swift, and rather stomach-turning.
DOCTOR: True, it's much better to have the cushioning effect of the Tardis, but I didn't just teleport you here for the fun of it.
NYSSA: I thought it was purely an accident.
DOCTOR: No, on the contrary. It was an unexpected side-effect of a vital experiment in Spillage detection.
ALISON: Spillage detection? What on Earth is that?
DOCTOR: Er, a method of detecting the Spillagers.
ALISON: Spillagers? What are they?
DOCTOR: Nothing, nothing. Nothing important.
NYSSA: Why am I not convinced?
DOCTOR: Alison, come away from the Tardis.
ALISON: I'm sorry, Doctor. It's just that I find it so fascinating. Can you really use it to travel anywhere in Time or Space?
NYSSA: Only theoretically.
DOCTOR: What do you mean, only theoretically?
NYSSA: How often have we ended up in the wrong place at the wrong time?
DOCTOR: Oh, now you're being philosophical.
NYSSA: Perhaps it's a side-effect of being accidentally teleported.
DOCTOR: Don't be churlish, Nyssa. I realised you might be somewhat uncomfortable, so I came as quickly as I could.
NYSSA: Somewhat uncomfortable? I was up to my waist in snow!
ALISON: Lieutenant Sandoz rescued her, just as he rescued Peril and I.
NYSSA: And brought you back just in time to witness some very interesting so-called poltergeist activity.
ALISON: But that was caused by the approach of the Doctor's Tardis, wasn't it?
DOCTOR: No.
ALISON: I beg your pardon?
DOCTOR: No, not at all.
ALISON: But you appeared in the attic at the height of the poltergeist activity.
DOCTOR: True.
ALISON: And it ceased immediately you appeared.

DOCTOR: Also true. And there may well be some relationship between the Tardis materialising and this phenomenon you describe, but nothing straight forward.
NYSSA: It never is.
DOCTOR: And the Tardis is certainly not the cause of it. We must look elsewhere for that.
ALISON: But Doctor, what you're saying
DOCTOR: Oh yes, it really would seem we have some kind of genuine haunting here.

[Part Two]

NYSSA: You're not serious, Doctor. Ghosts?
DOCTOR: Call them what you will, it's really quite interesting.
NYSSA: Oh, no.
ALISON: What?
NYSSA: I recognise that gleam in his eye.
DOCTOR: Gleam?
NYSSA: You want to investigate further.
DOCTOR: Oh yes. It's a fascinating situation.
NYSSA: But I was rather hoping we could just get in the Tardis and go.
DOCTOR: Just go? Where's your spirit of adventure?
NYSSA: Somewhere out there on the mountain slopes, expiring from hypothermia.
ALISON: So you're going to stay here?
DOCTOR: Until we've had a chance to observe the situation properly, yes.
ALISON: By situation, you mean our ghost.
DOCTOR: If you like, yes.
ALISON: And help us get rid of it?
DOCTOR: An exorcism? Not really my line, but perhaps I can be of some small assistance.
ALISON: Smashing.
DOCTOR: In any case, I have some theories about the origin of the phenomena.

(Radio hiss.)
PERIL: Nothing?
SANDOZ: No, Peril. I'm afraid there seems to be some sort of interference. I can't raise a soul.
PERIL: Oh, don't talk about raising souls.
SANDOZ: You don't mean to say you believe in any of this superstitious nonsense.
PERIL: You were here, Peter. You saw.
SANDOZ: I'm confident there's a rational explanation.
PERIL: Oh, that's good. While you're at it, see if you can come up with one for this Doctor fellow, and the contraption he arrived in.
SANDOZ: I suspect the two explanations are the same.
PERIL: What, you think the Doctor's behind the haunting?
SANDOZ: Yes. He has the look of some kind of charlatan. We'll soon discover that it's all his doing.
PERIL: But why? What's his game? What's he doing here? I mean, why would anyone come to *this* place? I'm only still here because my escape attempt failed.
SANDOZ: Yes, and that was very foolish of you, my dear.
PERIL: Mmm, that's it. Call me your dear.
SANDOZ: My darling.
PERIL: Oh, hold me, Peter. Mmm, that's better. If only Mum could see us.
SANDOZ: You might have frozen to death.
PERIL: I'm warm enough now.
SANDOZ: How could you risk your precious life in that fashion?
PERIL: Because I wanted to see you.
SANDOZ: But I was on my way.
PERIL: I got impatient. I'm impatient now.
SANDOZ: It's not good to be too impatient.
PERIL: Oh, shut up and kiss me.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ahem.
SANDOZ: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, excuse the intrusion. I came to see if you'd had any luck with the radio.

SANDOZ: Er, no. Peril and I were just trying to get it to work.
PERIL: Mmm, that's what we were doing, all right.
SANDOZ: But unfortunately we, we don't seem to be able to pick anything up.
DOCTOR: I'm not surprised.
SANDOZ: No?
DOCTOR: I believe this haunting of yours involves some form of electromagnetic radiation. It could have affected the radio. Allow me to take a look at it.

(In the parlour, with the fire crackling.)
ALISON: So have you been travelling with the Doctor for a long time?
NYSSA: When you're with the Doctor, time very rapidly becomes relative. But occasionally it feels like a long time.
DOCTOR: I trust I haven't been a boring companion.
NYSSA: Anything but.
ALISON: Hello, Doctor. You've been gone for ages. Have you solved our ghost problem?
DOCTOR: No, but I think I might have succeeded in getting the radio to work. Where is Lieutenant Sandoz?
ALISON: Well, Peril's in the kitchen, fixing us something to eat, so I expect the Lieutenant will be somewhere nearby.
DOCTOR: Yes, I expect so. Perhaps you would be good enough to go tell him that he can send his distress signal now.
ALISON: I'll be right back.
(Door closes.)
NYSSA: Poor girl. She's completely awestruck by you.
DOCTOR: Well, I suppose that's one thing about a dramatic entrance. Does tend to make an impression. And the girls here seem to be very impressionable, as the Lieutenant seems to have discovered.
NYSSA: But you really don't intend to stay here and embark on some kind of a ghost hunt, do you?
DOCTOR: Why not?
NYSSA: Well, for a start, if the radio is fixed, Lieutenant Sandoz will promptly evacuate everyone. You and I will be here on our own.
DOCTOR: So much the better. No distractions. We'll soon get to the bottom of this puzzle.
NYSSA: You don't really think Miss Tremayne will allow you to remain on the premises? This is *her* school, and she seems very protective of it.
DOCTOR: You don't think my charm made any impression on her.
NYSSA: Considering you caused her to faint dead away, I don't think so. And don't evade the question, Doctor.
(Door opens.)
ALISON: Doctor, come right away. Something's happened.

SANDOZ: I don't believe it. How could this happen
(Door opens.)
ALISON: I did what you said, Lieutenant. I brought the Doctor.
DOCTOR: What's so urgent? Oh, no.
SANDOZ: Yes.
DOCTOR: Regrettable.
SANDOZ: Regrettable. Is that all you can say? The radio has been smashed beyond repair.
DOCTOR: And someone's done it quite deliberately. When I left here a few minutes ago, it was fully operational and undamaged.
SANDOZ: We only have your word for that, Doctor.
ALISON: Lieutenant!
DOCTOR: Oh, come now. Why would I smash it after I'd gone to all the trouble of repairing it?
SANDOZ: Again, we only have your word for that.
ALISON: The Doctor wouldn't do something like this.
DOCTOR: Well, for that matter, Lieutenant, we only have your word for it that you didn't destroy the radio yourself.
SANDOZ: Why would I do such a thing?
DOCTOR: Interesting question.
ALISON: Perhaps it was the poltergeist. We've seen what it can do.

DOCTOR: No, it's a more straight-forward case of vandalism, I think. Notice that blanket on the chair? It wasn't there earlier. Look a little more closely and you'll see glittering fragments of glass trapped in its fabric. Whoever did this took the trouble to put the blanket over the radio before smashing the tubes, to muffle the sound of breaking glass.
SANDOZ: Well, whatever the explanation, it is clear that someone doesn't want us summoning the proper authorities.
ALISON: You mean someone doesn't want us to leave here?
SANDOZ: Well, if that's the case, then they're going to be disappointed. Before coming out to the school, I took the precaution of arranging a contingency plan.
DOCTOR: Very sensible.
SANDOZ: Yes, I thought so. And if I don't make contact, the plan automatically goes into operation. An evacuation by helicopter will begin this evening, a few short hours from now.
DOCTOR: In that case, I'd better make good use of the time remaining . Now,where's Nyssa?

NYSSA: Why did you have to land the Tardis in the attic? Why not somewhere more convenient?
DOCTOR: I was looking for you. The attic is where you happened to be.
NYSSA: How exactly did you manage to track me down, by the way?
DOCTOR: Your natural biomorphic resonance combined with an energy profile which I was able to trace immediately after your accidental teleportation.
NYSSA: Is that a genuine explanation or are you just making it up?
DOCTOR: Why would I do such a thing?
NYSSA: To save yourself a longer, more accurate but more boring explanation.
DOCTOR: Would I do that?
NYSSA: Almost certainly.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: After you, Nyssa. Oh, hello.
MAUPASSANT: Mon Dieu, Doctor. You startled me.
DOCTOR: The reaction is mutual. What are you doing here, Mam'selle?
MAUPASSANT: Er, I, I came to inspect your er box.
NYSSA: The Tardis.
MAUPASSANT: Yes. I saw it appear wiz my own eyes, yet I still can't believe it.
DOCTOR: Well, perhaps you'd be kind enough to remain outside while I go in to collect something. Nyssa will keep you company.
MAUPASSANT: Can't I just 'ave a glimpse of ze interior?
DOCTOR: You're as bad as Alison. I'm afraid not.
(Tardis door opens and closes.)
NYSSA: How is the headmistress?
MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne? She recovered from her faint, but was very distraught when she awoke. I finally coaxed her to sleep.
NYSSA: How did you manage that?
MAUPASSANT: With ze help of pills, I fear. Seconal.
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Sorry to keep you waiting. I think I've collected everything I need.
(Tardis door closes.)
MAUPASSANT: Are you planning a game of golf, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes. Needs must when the Devil drives. Sorry, I didn't mean to make a golfing pun. It was just the only bag that was handy and the right size.
MAUPASSANT: But those aren't golf clubs inside.
DOCTOR: Hardly.
MAUPASSANT: What, zen?
NYSSA: Some kind of tool kit, I expect.
DOCTOR: Correct. Consider, for example, this fine instrument. Now, where's the power switch? Ah, there.
(Hum.)
DOCTOR: Excellent. And now the investigation begins. What shall be our first port of call?
NYSSA: What about the Chapel?
DOCTOR: They have a Chapel here? How convenient.

(Gizmo humming.)

DOCTOR: Your suggestion has prove excellent, Nyssa. This Chapel seems to be the epicentre of some strange electromagnetic activity.
NYSSA: But why here?
DOCTOR: Yes, well, I admit that it's not a likely site for finding anything except perhaps some very bored schoolgirls.
(Gizmo turned off.)
NYSSA: Perhaps not. You didn't manage to make the acquaintance of Miss Tremayne before she fainted.
DOCTOR: The headmistress?
NYSSA: Yes. She has very strong religious convictions.
DOCTOR: Ah, I see what you mean. So this place would have a deep psychic significance for at least one member of the school.
NYSSA: But how could that have any bearing on the poltergeist activity?
DOCTOR: You need merely to imagine the presence of Miss Tremayne here in the Chapel. She would be responding to the environment and no doubt giving off a very particular form of energy.
NYSSA: Energy?
DOCTOR: Yes. Now what was it William Blake said about energy? Or was it Walt Whitman?
NYSSA: I don't know. I'm from Traken. Are they Time Lords?
DOCTOR: Possibly. Anyway, here's what *I* say about energy. It interacts.
NYSSA: What are you doing? It almost sounds like you're playing a tune.
DOCTOR: That's not surprising, considering these devices are all designed for vibrational interaction. In other words they are, in a sense, tuned. Now, how on Earth do I turn this on? I'm sure I found the switch earlier. It was er
NYSSA: Here.
DOCTOR: Oh, yes, thank you, right.
(Tone.)
DOCTOR: Notice how it varies in tone and volume. In other words, the waves are increasing in size or frequency. But also note the change in timbre. That indicates a change in the very shape of the waveform.
NYSSA: Waveform of what?
DOCTOR: Energy. A particular type of energy. Its source is what we are seeking. Ah, signal's getting stronger. Do you hear?
(Multiple tones.)
NYSSA: Yes, it's in this direction, by the long wooden bench.
DOCTOR: It's called a pew.
NYSSA: Oh, really.
DOCTOR: No, no, seriously. It's called a pew. People sit on it and worship. And this is where the signal peaks. Definitely here.
NYSSA: But there's nothing here.
DOCTOR: Agreed.
NYSSA: Unless it's invisible.
DOCTOR: No, there is nothing here now.
NYSSA: You mean you're detecting some kind of residual energy.
DOCTOR: Yes, the faint signature of something that once was here.
(Turns gizmo off.)
NYSSA: Perhaps from a person who once sat here.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: I doubt it. No human being could leave such an intense and yet diffuse trace. Hello, Alison.
ALISON: No human being?
DOCTOR: There's no need to sound so worried, Alison.
ALISON: You must admit, it is a rather worrying concept, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Not from my standpoint.
NYSSA: You see, the Doctor is
DOCTOR: Er, not, not now, Nyssa.
ALISON: What's that thing?
DOCTOR: It's just a device I'm using for a scientific investigation.
ALISON: What sort of investigation?
DOCTOR: Well, never mind about that now. Shall we see if Peril Bellamy has managed to prepare lunch for us?
NYSSA: She's certainly been in the kitchen a long time.

ALISON: Yes. Assuming she's used some of that time for food preparation, we'll be all right.
DOCTOR: I see you share my concerns. She certainly seems to like Lieutenant Sandoz. I wish I could say the same.
ALISON: You're just angry because he accused you of smashing the radio.
NYSSA: Doctor, look at this.
DOCTOR: What is it, Nyssa?
NYSSA: A plaque on the wall commemorating a dead mountaineer called Harding Wellman.
ALISON: Oh yes. We girls often have discussions on Harding. What he might have looked like, and if he would have been ravishingly handsome, poor bloke.
DOCTOR: Yes. According to this he died quite young, didn't he.
NYSSA: Do you think he has something to do with the
DOCTOR: Strange energy waveforms in this room? Imprint left by a violent death. Let's find out. Now, where's that switch?
NYSSA: There.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, yes, of course. There.
(Hum.)
ALISON: It's amazing!
NYSSA: It's amazing if it works.
(Turned off.)
NYSSA: Well?
DOCTOR: No, not a thing. Now, let's see about lunch.

(Plates clatter. Door opens.)
NYSSA: If this energetic sound is anything to go by, there must be a banquet awaiting us.
PERIL: Oh, hello you lot. Well, some ham sandwiches, anyway.
ALISON: What? All this mess and you haven't even got a hot meal ready for us?
PERIL: It's not as easy as it looks, this cooking lark.
DOCTOR: And I suspect Peril has been distracted. I see the Lieutenant's ski gear drying out there in front of the fire.
PERIL: Yes, he's just come back from a reconnaissance of the playing field. He says it'll be ideal for the helicopter to land. Nice and flat. Oh, don't touch his things, Alison.
ALISON: I'm surprised more people don't come to grief with those great huge spiked ski poles. I almost stuck on through my own foot once.
PERIL: They won't be asking you to join the Mountain Patrol then.
DOCTOR: Excuse me, ladies. Just ease it under there.
(Clatter of golf bag.)
DOCTOR: No one can trip over it. Good! Now, where were we? Ah, ham sandwiches. Mmm (eating) very good. Nyssa?
NYSSA: No, thank you, Doctor. So, when exactly is this helicopter due?
PERIL: Half an hour before sunset.
NYSSA: And then it's all over, I suppose. Are you ready to abandon the investigation, Doctor?
DOCTOR: On the contrary. I've already begun to formulate a theory.
NYSSA: I don't suppose you'd care to share it with us?
DOCTOR: Not just yet. I'm sure Peril can tell you what happens if you open the oven too soon when baking a soufflé.
PERIL: I'm sure I could, Doctor, if I'd ever baked a soufflé. Or paid attention during cookery class.
DOCTOR: Well, basically, it collapses. Rather like a half-baked theory. I'll be quite happy to share mine when it's fully baked.
ALISON: Would you like some tea, Doctor?
DOCTOR: No, thank you.
NYSSA: Doctor, do you smell something?
PERIL: Ooo, that would be me burning the muffins.
DOCTOR: No, I suspect Nyssa is alluding to something else.
NYSSA: A faint floral perfume. Can't you smell it?
DOCTOR: The olfactory prelude to our poltergeist?
NYSSA: Exactly
ALISON: But nothing's happening.
DOCTOR: Alison, I've changed my mind about that tea. I wonder if you'd be kind enough to make a pot for me.
ALISON: Of course, Doctor.

PERIL: I'll put the kettle on.
DOCTOR: Please, use this. My own special blend.
ALISON: Certainly, Doctor. Perhaps I can try some.
DOCTOR: It's an acquired taste.
(Water pouring.)
NYSSA: Since when do you carry around your own special blend of tea?
DOCTOR: It's not tea. Rather, it's the next test of my theory.
(Piano music.)
ALISON: That will be Mademoiselle Maupassant.
PERIL: I don't think so, you know. She was with Peter, looking in on Miss Tremayne upstairs.
ALISON: Well, if it isn't her, who can it be?
NYSSA: That perfume is getting stronger now. Can't any of you smell it?
DOCTOR: Yes. I think a visit to the Music Room is in order, don't you, Nyssa?

(Door opens and the music stops.)
DOCTOR: It seems the recital is at an end.
NYSSA: Doctor, there's no one here.
DOCTOR: Let me see. Only one door, the one we came in. Only two windows, both shut.
(Opens window.)
DOCTOR: And below them, virgin snow untrampled by any shy pianist. I suppose it could have gone up towards the roof somehow.
NYSSA: You don't believe that.
DOCTOR: You're right.
(Closes window.)
NYSSA: You mean?
DOCTOR: Yes, definitely the beginning of a poltergeist manifestation. Excellent!
(Distant whistle.)
NYSSA: (gasps) What's that?
DOCTOR: The kettle. Perfect. Let's make some tea.
(Scraping.)
NYSSA: Doctor, look out!
(Clang of piano wires.)
DOCTOR: Extraordinary! Did you see that?
NYSSA: Yes. I think we should get back to Peril and Alison, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Shifted the piano across the room as if it was a toy. That requires really quite a powerful force.
NYSSA: Let's get out of here.
DOCTOR: In, in just a moment.
NYSSA: Please.
DOCTOR: Quick inspection. Make sure there were no hidden wires to drag it, no concealed magnets. Hmm. Nothing I can detect. (plays a few notes) Poor thing's been knocked quite out of tune.
(Scraping.)
NYSSA: Doctor, it's moving again.
DOCTOR: Yes, it does appear to be, and towards us.
NYSSA: What do we do?
DOCTOR: Run, I think.

DOCTOR: (breathless) Quickly, shut the door.
ALISON: What is it?
DOCTOR: Where's Peril?
ALISON: She took some food up to Miss Tremayne's room.
DOCTOR: Let's hope she's safe with the others.
(Scraping sounds.)
NYSSA: It's coming, Doctor.
ALISON: What is it?
DOCTOR: Nothing to worry about, Alison. We are merely being pursued. By a piano.
ALISON: By a what?
NYSSA: A piano.
DOCTOR: Good job it isn't a Grand.

(Crash!)
DOCTOR: Is the tea ready?
ALISON: The what? The tea?
DOCTOR: Yes. Please, pour a cup now. It should have ample time to brew.
NYSSA: It doesn't seem to be moving any more, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No. Although, come to think of it, if it had been a Grand, it would have been too large to come down the corridor after us.
(Water running.)
NYSSA: Has it definitely stopped moving?
DOCTOR: I don't know, I can't hear. Alison, is it really necessary for those taps to be running?
ALISON: I didn't turn them on.
DOCTOR: Ah.
ALISON: They're stuck.
DOCTOR: Here, I'll give you a hand. They really are stuck. That's it, they're off. (drips) More or less.
NYSSA: But I'm not sure I didn't prefer them running full blast.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. Patterned randomness. Chaotic order.
NYSSA: It's like music.
DOCTOR: Or Morse code. I wonder what it's trying to tell us?
NYSSA: I wish it would stop.
ALISON: I'm scared, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Don't be. Have you poured that tea?
NYSSA: Oh, it's stopped.
DOCTOR: As you wanted.
NYSSA: I wish it hadn't. It feels like something else is going to happen. Something worse. (clatter) What's that?
ALISON: The Lieutenant's ski poles, they fell over in the fireplace. I didn't touch them.
NYSSA: Look, they're still moving.
DOCTOR: Don't touch them, Nyssa. Stay away from them, Alison.
ALISON: I don't believe it. They're rising up, they're floating into the air, they're
DOCTOR: Nyssa, get down!
NYSSA: Doctor!
(Whoosh, whoosh!)

[Part Three]

(Thud, thud.)
DOCTOR: I said, down.
NYSSA: Thank you, Doctor. You saved me.
ALISON: You were right in their path.
NYSSA: Yes.
DOCTOR: Look at this.
NYSSA: Stay away from them, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, no, it's all right. They seem to be quite inert now. Extraordinary. The spikes are buried in the wall with incredible force.
NYSSA: They were almost buried in me.
ALISON: She would have been killed.
(Piano rams door repeatedly.)
DOCTOR: Ah, that old familiar melody.
ALISON: It won't leave us alone. What are we going to do?
DOCTOR: I think we'll start by pouring that tea.
ALISON: How can you worry about that when all this is happening?
DOCTOR: (pouring) Here we go. Sit down and drink this.
ALISON: What?
DOCTOR: Go on, it's really very nice. My favourite brew.
ALISON: Tastes
DOCTOR: Yes?
ALISON: It tastes very
(Cup clatters, banging stops.)
DOCTOR: Yes. Just as I thought.

NYSSA: What did you do, Doctor?
DOCTOR: There's a mild sedative in that herbal tea.
NYSSA: In other words, you drugged her.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, it was a *mild* sedative, related to Valerian. Did you notice how the poltergeist activity stopped immediately when she lost consciousness?
NYSSA: It did, didn't it.
DOCTOR: I have a fascinating hypothesis about that. Shall we test it? Alison? Can you hear me?
(Alison makes a noise.)
DOCTOR: Now listen, I want you (whispers)
NYSSA: Doctor, what are you doing?
DOCTOR: Oh, nothing much. Now, where did I put my bag?
NYSSA: Bag?
DOCTOR: I stored it here somewhere for safety. Ah yes, here it is, under the table. Excellent. I think this is the tool for the job.
NYSSA: Don't ask me how to switch it on.
DOCTOR: Oh, I don't have to. This one switches itself on.
(Tone.)
DOCTOR: There.
NYSSA: What is it?
DOCTOR: Another sort of scanner.
NYSSA: For scanning what, exactly?
DOCTOR: In this case, Alison.
NYSSA: What are you scanning her for?
DOCTOR: I'm trying to detect a particular type of psi energy.
NYSSA: Psi energy. Now I understand. You think she might have telekinetic powers.
(Tone drops.)
DOCTOR: Very astute, yes.
NYSSA: And that in fact *she* is the source of the so-called poltergeist activity.
DOCTOR: Yes, that's right.
NYSSA: There is no ghost moving things around, it's her.
DOCTOR: Indeed. Remember how she remarked on the lethal sharpness of the ski poles shortly before they were deployed against us as weapons?
NYSSA: Against *me*. She tried to kill me.
DOCTOR: No, no, no. Absolutely not. We're talking about the chaotic energy of the Id spilling out. She has no control over it. Don't take it personally.
NYSSA: I don't see how else I *can* take it, Doctor. Still, it explains the poltergeist.
DOCTOR: Yes. It was a very elegant theory.
NYSSA: Was?
DOCTOR: Yes.
(Tone stops.)
NYSSA: What's the matter?
DOCTOR: Elegant but utterly erroneous. According to my readings, this girl has no telekinetic abilities whatsoever.
NYSSA: Then why did the poltergeist immediately cease when she fell asleep?
DOCTOR: Ah now, that's a very good question. One of many to which we don't have the answer. Yet.
SANDOZ [OC]: Hello?
(Door opens.)
SANDOZ: I heard something. I came to investigate. What's wrong with Alison?
DOCTOR: She's asleep.
SANDOZ: It doesn't look like sleep to me. What have you done with her?
DOCTOR: Don't trouble yourself, Lieutenant. She's fine.
SANDOZ: For your sake, I hope so. Thank God the helicopter's coming to evacuate us from this madhouse.
DOCTOR: I keep telling you there's no need for a helicopter. I could convey you all to safety in the Tardis. Take you anywhere you want to go.
SANDOZ: I think we'll wait for the helicopter, thank you. Now what about Alison.
NYSSA: As soon as she lost consciousness, the poltergeist ceased.
SANDOZ: None of this means anything to me.
NYSSA: It's not you I'm talking to. So if she isn't telekinetic, what's the solution, Doctor?
DOCTOR: That is what I am about to ascertain with the help of a few further tests.

SANDOZ: I think not, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Leave her alone.
SANDOZ: These girls are in my care.
NYSSA: Yes, and we've seen how safe they are in your hands.
SANDOZ: Wake up, Alison.
ALISON: (yawns) Oh, is it time for lessons? Oh, hello, Lieutenant. Hello, Doctor. I've been asleep in the kitchen.
SANDOZ: Yes, and now you must come with me.
DOCTOR: I ask you not to interfere, Lieutenant. We need more time with her.
SANDOZ: I think not, Doctor. I'm taking this young lady to wait with the others. The helicopter will be here shortly.
DOCTOR: But we don't know what's going on here. We must try and understand this phenomenon.
SANDOZ: Why?
DOCTOR: That's our only chance of controlling it.
SANDOZ: And why would we want to control it?
DOCTOR: To make it safe, you fool!
SANDOZ: Come along, Alison.
ALISON: Lieutenant, I
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Oh, marvellous.

TREMAYNE: Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil.
(Knocking on door.)
MAUPASSANT [OC]: Miss Tremayne.
TREMAYNE: I shall fear no evil.
MAUPASSANT [OC]: Ze 'elicopter is arriving shortly. It is time to go outside.
TREMAYNE: Amen. Yes, I'm coming.

(Walking on snow.)
DOCTOR: There they are, waiting on that level space. Underneath the snow must lie the school playing field.
NYSSA: Yes, I see them.
DOCTOR: Oh well, splendid evening for a helicopter landing.
NYSSA: Oh, it's terribly cold, though.
DOCTOR: Yes, the wind seems to be picking up.
NYSSA: Not as cold, however, as when I was accidentally dumped here.
DOCTOR: I thought we'd agreed not to discuss that any more.
NYSSA: *You* agreed. I still don't understand what you were trying to do. That experiment
DOCTOR: Spillage detection.
NYSSA: Yes, who are the Spillagers?
DOCTOR: I'm hoping you'll never have to find out. That's odd.
NYSSA: What?
DOCTOR: Does anything strike you as strange about the wind?
NYSSA: Strange? What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Look at how it's disturbing the snow.
NYSSA: Yes, I see now. It seems to be highly localised. It's only blowing around us. Perhaps some micro-weather system?
DOCTOR: It's not the weather.
NYSSA: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Do you smell that? Like a field of lavender.
NYSSA: I assume that's not normal in the middle of winter here.
DOCTOR: No.
NYSSA: Doctor, it's overpowering
DOCTOR: The poltergeist is back with a vengeance.
NYSSA: The helicopter is landing.
DOCTOR: It's trying to.
NYSSA: Doctor, look! The wind!
DOCTOR: It's becoming a cyclone!
NYSSA: Moving towards them!

DOCTOR: Quick, run! We have to warn them.
NYSSA: What is it doing?
DOCTOR: Lieutenant, don't let them land! They're in danger!
(Helicopter engine note changes.)
DOCTOR: Oh no, we're too late.
NYSSA: Doctor, that mountain! The helicopter, it's going to crash!
DOCTOR: Yes.
(KaBOOM! Metal in distress.)

PERIL: I can't get it out of my mind.
SANDOZ: All right, my dear. It's all right.
PERIL: It was like a bird caught in the wind. It was horrible.
ALISON: The poor pilot.
SANDOZ: There was nothing we could do. It must have been some freak gust of wind.
PERIL: It looked like it was grabbed by a giant hand and then just smashed.
SANDOZ: Quiet, my dear. You're being very graphic.
ALISON: You can still see it from the window, still burning on the mountainside.
SANDOZ: Stop it, Alison. Close those curtains.
ALISON: I'm sorry.
(Curtains drawn.)
SANDOZ: Where is your new friend, the Doctor?
ALISON: He said he was going to the Chapel.
SANDOZ: To pray?
ALISON: To do something.

(Hum,)
DOCTOR: There's no mistake. This Chapel is definitely the focal point of the activity.
NYSSA: You confirmed that before. Shouldn't you be doing something?
DOCTOR: Doing something?
(Turns off gizmo.)
NYSSA: To put a stop to this thing.
DOCTOR: Nyssa, I know you were shocked by what happened to the helicopter. So was I. Trust me, I am doing something.
NYSSA: We're going over the same ground.
DOCTOR: Yes, and for the first time I think I'm beginning to recognise the terrain. Look at this plaque.
NYSSA: Harding Wellman. Died in the mountains. Very moving. But you've already confirmed that the peak area of activity is not anywhere near the plaque. In fact it's over here.
DOCTOR: Yes, the pew. Sit down. would you?
NYSSA: Here?
DOCTOR: Yes. Now, what do you see?
NYSSA: The plaque. This is the exact spot where where someone would sit looking at the plaque.
DOCTOR: Yes. Looking at it, and thinking about it.
(Turns on a gizmo.)
NYSSA: So the centre of energy *is* here.
DOCTOR: Correct.
(Turns off gizmo.)
NYSSA: But you said this energy wasn't from a human being.
DOCTOR: Not from a single human being, but from a group of people over a period of time. Yes.

MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne.
TREMAYNE: I saw it with my own eyes!
MAUPASSANT: Please, take your pills.
TREMAYNE: I saw the helicopter crash and burn! And I saw Satan smiling in the flames.
MAUPASSANT: Please?
TREMAYNE: I felt the heat of of them. Did you not feel it? Hot, corrupting, enticing, seducing.
MAUPASSANT: 'ere, take zese. You'll feel better.
TREMAYNE: To be resisted at all costs. I don't want any pills. Bring me my Bible.

(Door opens. Crackling fire.)

DOCTOR: Ah, Alison. I was hoping I'd find you here.
ALISON: Hello, Doctor. Nyssa. Why were you looking for me?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I need to run some further tests on you.
ALISON: Will I have to drink the tea again?
DOCTOR: No, that won't be necessary. Do you remember how I planted a post-hypnotic suggestion in your mind earlier?
ALISON: No.
DOCTOR: While you were in a trance, under the influence of the tea?
ALISON: No.
DOCTOR: Well, let me assure you that on some level you do remember. Now, please resume that trance.
ALISON: But I don't feel anyth
DOCTOR: Quick, help me catch her, Nyssa.
NYSSA: There, got her.
DOCTOR: Thank you. Should have told her to sit down.
NYSSA: Yes, you should.
DOCTOR: There, that's better.
NYSSA: So, are you still trying to test your psi theory?
DOCTOR: Yes. If the good Lieutenant hadn't interrupted me, we might have avoided the helicopter crash and the death of that poor pilot. Now, where's my golf bag?
NYSSA: It really is the most ridiculous object. Here.
DOCTOR: Good. Now, help me with this, please.
NYSSA: Must I?
DOCTOR: Nyssa, what's wrong?
NYSSA: It bears an uncanny resemblance to the device that accidentally teleported me here.
DOCTOR: No it doesn't.
NYSSA: It does.
DOCTOR: Doesn't. Look, just hold it for a moment.
NYSSA: That's what you said last time.
DOCTOR: Don't be ridiculous.
NYSSA: I don't fancy being instantly sent to another planet.
DOCTOR: All right, I'll do it myself. Really, Nyssa, this is a completely different device.
NYSSA: It appears suspiciously similar.
DOCTOR: That was a hastily improvised unit for Spillage detection.
NYSSA: You still haven't explained what that really means. Spillage detection.
DOCTOR: That's because I'm hoping I won't detect any. The Spillagers are a species to be avoided at all costs. Anyway, this is a completely different mechanism. A more or less mass-produced trinket available on any advanced planet. You'll get a better idea when I switch it on.
(Low hum,)
DOCTOR: Once again, it's a kind of vibrational scanning tool. It will tell me if Alison has any psi abilities.
NYSSA: But you've already answered that question.
DOCTOR: No, I've merely tested her for telekinesis.
NYSSA: The ability to move objects at a distance.
DOCTOR: And she has no such power. But just listen to this.
(Hum tone rises.)
DOCTOR: Conclusive.
(Turns device off.)
NYSSA: What is?
DOCTOR: While Alison may not have any telekinetic ability, she does possess another sort of psi talent.
NYSSA: What sort?
DOCTOR: She's a natural telepath.
NYSSA: So what does that mean?
DOCTOR: It's the ability to detect or transmit thoughts
NYSSA: I know that. You might recall I'm prone to it myself.
DOCTOR: Yes, of course. The Xeraphin.
NYSSA: And those Permian creatures.
DOCTOR: Ah, but your gift is passive. What we have here is active. Aggressively so.
NYSSA: Still, how can she be causing the poltergeist activity?

DOCTOR: She can't, not directly, but perhaps at one remove.
NYSSA: You mean by sending signals into someone else's mind?
DOCTOR: Yes. And that someone must be the person who possesses the telekinetic power.
NYSSA: Who is it?
DOCTOR: I'd say the most likely candidate is
NYSSA: Who?
DOCTOR: Come with me. Let's find out.

PERIL: Rain, rain, go away. Come on Mother's washing day.
NYSSA: But it's not raining, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I think we can hardly expect literal sense in a trance state. She's waking now.
PERIL: Oh, is it a bad dream? I'm back in the kitchen again.
DOCTOR: No, Peril. You'll remember in a moment. I gave you some tea to make you sleep.
NYSSA: If you ask me, you're rather over-fond of that tea, Doctor.
PERIL: And what on Earth is that thing there?
DOCTOR: Just a useful device that told us something vital.
PERIL: And what was that?
DOCTOR: I think perhaps you already know, Peril.
PERIL: What's that remark supposed to signify?
NYSSA: We're wondering if you've ever had any unusual experiences.
PERIL: Are you joking? I could fill a book, but modesty forbids.
DOCTOR: Think carefully. Perhaps during infancy or early adolescence.
PERIL: I'm not much of a one for sentimental reminiscence, Doctor.
NYSSA: Peril, we know.
PERIL: Good for you. What do you know?
DOCTOR: About your powers.
PERIL: Sorry, you lost me at the last corner.
NYSSA: It's no good. We do know.
PERIL: I'm sure I have no idea what you're talking about.
DOCTOR: I imagine it runs in your family, doesn't it? Perhaps a recessive gene transmitted through the female?
PERIL: They tried to teach us about genes in biology. Some mad monk and his potted plants.
DOCTOR: Mendel.
PERIL: I wouldn't know. I fell asleep. Can I go now?
DOCTOR: Of course. But turning your back on the problem won't solve anything.
PERIL: Want to bet?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid this is something you can't ignore.
PERIL: You just won't leave me alone, will you.
DOCTOR: No.
NYSSA: Let the Doctor help, Peril.
PERIL: How can he? How can anyone?
DOCTOR: I understand what you're going through.
PERIL: Oh, I doubt that.
NYSSA: You might be surprised.
DOCTOR: Was it your mother or your grandmother you inherited the gift from?
PERIL: I don't know what you're talking about.
DOCTOR: Peril, please.
PERIL: My Gran.
DOCTOR: I imagine it's bedevilled your family for generations. Everything from inexplicably burning barns and hayricks to curdling the cream in the neighbour's dairy. The sort of activity which in earlier times would have attracted the unwelcome attention of the Witchfinder General. I imagine Peril is an old family name, and a well-deserved one.
PERIL: That's an alarmingly accurate account of my family history you've give there, Doctor. Although you left out a considerable amount of debt-dodging, drunkenness and general bad behaviour.
DOCTOR: All of which culminated in the considerable family fortune, if your presence at this outrageously expensive Finishing School is anything to go by.
PERIL: I suppose we've had our share of good luck too.
DOCTOR: Fascinating.
PERIL: Ever since I was small, I could move things just by thinking about them. If my rattle fell out of the cradle it would come back to me, like I had it on an elastic. My Gran said it was a gift. I was one of

the Adept.
DOCTOR: So it *is* a genetic trait. I've meant to look into it more deeply, but somehow I've never had the time.
NYSSA: Ironically.
PERIL: So now you know my secret. Bully for you. What are you going to do. punish me?
DOCTOR: Punish you?
PERIL: Of course.
DOCTOR: Why?
PERIL: Because it's all my fault. But I didn't mean to.
NYSSA: Of course not.
PERIL: I didn't mean to do that to the helicopter, or that poor man.
DOCTOR: You didn't.
PERIL: Don't try and patronise me. I did.
DOCTOR: No, not consciously. Your abilities were triggered without your knowledge.
PERIL: How?
DOCTOR: The question more properly is who.
NYSSA: And the answer is your friend.
PERIL: My friend?
DOCTOR: Yes. Alison.
PERIL: But why Alison? I don't understand.
DOCTOR: Neither do we, not entirely. Not yet.

PERIL [OC]: But why Alison? I don't understand.
TREMAYNE: Because the Lord works in mysterious ways.
DOCTOR [OC]: Not yet.
SANDOZ: Miss Tremayne?
TREMAYNE: Oh!
SANDOZ: I'm glad to see you're well enough to be listening at doors.
TREMAYNE: Don't speak to me, defiler of innocents.

(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ah, Lieutenant Sandoz.
SANDOZ: Doctor. I didn't expect to see *you* here.
DOCTOR: Don't trouble yourself. We were just leaving. Come along, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Yes, Doctor. Goodbye, Lieutenant.
(Door closes.)
SANDOZ: What were you talking to the Doctor about?
PERIL: Nothing. Why?
SANDOZ: Because other ears were listening.

(Door creaks open.)
MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne. I've found you at last.
TREMAYNE: Found me? I was never lost.
MAUPASSANT: Of course not, but I was concerned about you.
TREMAYNE: However, others are indeed lost. I've been reading my Bible.
MAUPASSANT: So I see.
TREMAYNE: Yes, one can always depend on the Good Book for guidance. I was confused, but now things are clear.
MAUPASSANT: I shall leave you to read, zen.
(Door creaks closed.)
TREMAYNE: Very clear. Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.

PERIL: It's very good of you to do lunch for everyone, Alison. I was afraid that they'd ask me again.
ALISON: After yesterday's meal I don't think there's much danger of that.
PERIL: You mean my cooking's no good?
ALISON: A little too much salt, perhaps.
PERIL: Now don't pull your punches. It was dreadful and you know it. But that's my motto. Do a job badly enough and no one will ask you to do it again.
ALISON: It certainly worked. Now, have you seen the knife?

PERIL: Knife? No.
ALISON: The big chopping knife. It was here a minute ago.
PERIL: Listen, Ali, there was something I've been wanting to ask you. Something that the Doctor said.
(Door opens.)
TREMAYNE: Never mind what the Doctor said.
ALISON: Miss Tremayne.
PERIL: That would be where your knife has gone, then.
ALISON: Can I have it, please, Miss Tremayne? I need it for making lunch.
TREMAYNE: And I need it to serve a much higher purpose.
NYSSA: I think they're in here, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Excellent. Girls, we need to.
ALISON: I'm glad you've come, Doctor. It's Miss Tremayne.
TREMAYNE: I'm also glad you've come, Doctor. It saves me seeking you out.
NYSSA: What's she doing with that knife?
PERIL: That's what we were wondering.
TREMAYNE: This blade is merely an instrument, just as I am merely an instrument of the Lord's wrath. The time has come for purification.
DOCTOR: Purification. I see.
TREMAYNE: I have taken an adder unto my bosom.
DOCTOR: Miss Tremayne, I'm not even sure that's an accurate quotation. Now, put down the knife.
TREMAYNE: So speaks the stranger.
NYSSA: Careful, Doctor.
TREMAYNE: And his harlot.
NYSSA: What's a harlot?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Not now, Nyssa.
TREMAYNE: Whore of Babylon.
NYSSA: No, I'm afraid I still don't understand the reference.
ALISON: I think Miss Tremayne has gone
PERIL: Nuts?
TREMAYNE: Yes, mock me, you little Jezebel. You are the worst of them. Unbridled lasciviousness. I suspect your precious parents sent you an electric blanket concealed in a package from home.
DOCTOR: What an interesting hypothesis. Please tell us more.
TREMAYNE: That's right. Come close and show me the cord that ties you to Satan. I shall cut that cord. The purifying blade will go straight through it and straight through your black heart.
DOCTOR: Really? Which one?
SANDOZ: Is Peril in
TREMAYNE: Yes. And so are the other sinners. It is time for purification to begin.
SANDOZ: Miss Tremayne.
TREMAYNE: Starting with the Doctor.
SANDOZ: Don't touch him. Let go of that knife.
DOCTOR: I can handle this, Lieutenant.
SANDOZ: Miss Tremayne, I'm a police officer and therefore I have a gun, and I am trained on how to use it.
TREMAYNE: Don't threaten me, seducer. You will be next for purification.
(Gunshot! Thud. Gasps.)
ALISON: Is she (pause) dead?
PERIL: If she isn't now, she never will be.
NYSSA: Are you all right, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm all right. Which is more than I can say for this trigger-happy idiot!
SANDOZ: She was going to kill you.
DOCTOR: No, she wasn't! I would have stopped her.
SANDOZ: I had to shoot her, if only to protect Peril and Alison. Surely you can see that, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I can see many things, Lieutenant, but never the need for bloodshed. I need some air. Excuse me.
SANDOZ: Doctor, wait! Come back!

SANDOZ: Doctor, here you are. We should talk.
DOCTOR: Have you ever looked at these athletic trophies, Lieutenant? (taps on cabinet) Seen what they represent? The triumph of the human body.
SANDOZ: Look, Doctor. What I did was necessary.

DOCTOR: Not everything can be solved by guns, Lieutenant.
NYSSA: Doctor, can you smell something?
DOCTOR: Yes, now that you mention it. A nostalgic lingering scent like honeysuckle on summer's evening. It's our old friend.
SANDOZ: The so-called poltergeist?
DOCTOR: Yes. It appears to be rattling the so-called athletic trophies in the so-called cupboard behind you.
SANDOZ: It's just some kind of earth tremor. Help me steady it.
NYSSA: Don't be ridiculous.
DOCTOR: I agree. Now come along. I suggest we get back to the others before this becomes violent.
NYSSA: Doctor, those trophies.
DOCTOR: Yes, too late. Look out, Lieutenant!
(Breaking glass.)
SANDOZ: My God!
DOCTOR: May I suggest a tactical retreat?

(Piano playing out of tune. Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: Excuse the rude intrusion. Ah, Mademoiselle Maupassant. Have the girls brought you up to speed?
MAUPASSANT: Yes. We were just. A tablecloth doesn't seem an appropriate shroud, but
SANDOZ: You have done your best, Mademoiselle.
MAUPASSANT: It's started again, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, I had noticed.
PERIL: I'm sorry, Doctor.
ALISON: We're both sorry.
DOCTOR: Let me see. All six of us are in here.
SANDOZ: So?
NYSSA: So that means none of us are playing the piano.
DOCTOR: Which suggests our poltergeist has a talent for more than mere brute destruction.
(Crashing sound.)
DOCTOR: Although it has a talent for that too.
MAUPASSANT: Can't we do something about it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Indeed we can. Peril, Alison, you'll remember that while you were under the influence of that tea, I implanted a post-hypnotic suggestion.
PERIL: I don't remember.
ALISON: Trust me, you will.
DOCTOR: When I say the word, I want you both to go into an immediate trance.
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: What? Oh yes, er, please sit down first, would you, girls?
ALISON: There.
PERIL: I feel foolish.
ALISON :Trust me. Not for long.
DOCTOR: Are you sitting comfortably? Good. Now, a trance, please.
(The disturbances stop.)
MAUPASSANT: Remarkable. Ze are both instantly gone to sleep.
NYSSA: You haven't even noticed the most remarkable thing.
MAUPASSANT: Ze poltergeist, it has ceased.
SANDOZ: This is no natural sleep. What have you done to Peril? I demand to know.
DOCTOR: Yes, I thought it had been a while since you demanded something, Lieutenant.
SANDOZ: I, I ask you to tell me, what have you done to her, to both of them. Please.
DOCTOR: It's a kind of hypnotic trance.
MAUPASSANT: And you 'ave used it to stop this poltergeist?
NYSSA: Alison is telepathic, and she triggers Peril, who is telekinetic. Stop the girls and you stop the ghost.
DOCTOR: I couldn't have put it better myself, Nyssa. You see, mademoiselle, your two students are the poltergeist.
(Music has restarted.)
MAUPASSANT: In zat case
NYSSA: Who is playing the piano, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, that is a bit of a puzzler. Let's go and find out. Mademoiselle.

MAUPASSANT: Oui?
DOCTOR: Would you mind awfully please staying here and keeping an eye on the girls?
SANDOZ: I should stay, Doctor. There's a dead body in here too, remember?
DOCTOR: I think we're all well aware of that, Lieutenant. But I think it's safer for the mademoiselle in here than out there. And besides, ahem, I don't carry a gun so I may need you.
(Opens door.)
DOCTOR: After you?

NYSSA: It seems to be coming from in here.
DOCTOR: The Music Room, aptly enough.
SANDOZ: We should open the door and go in.
DOCTOR: Yes, we should, but you seem none to keen, so allow me.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Fascinating.
SANDOZ: There must be some kind of mechanism inside the piano.
DOCTOR: You don't give up, do you, Lieutenant. But there's a limit to scepticism, you know. You'll end up cutting your throat with Occam's Razor.
SANDOZ: We should look inside the piano, smash it open if necessary.
NYSSA: It's stopped, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes. In a funny way, I don't think it likes our presence.
SANDOZ: A shy ghost, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'd say that might be an accurate assessment.
SANDOZ: Well, Doctor, the telephone lines are down, the radio is dead, and we are still snowed in. And now you tell me we are beset a genuine ghost?
DOCTOR: Not a bad summary of the situation.
SANDOZ: And what do you suggest we do?
DOCTOR: I think now would be a good time for a séance.

[Part Four]

SANDOZ: A séance, Doctor? Don't be absurd.
DOCTOR: Absurd or not, it's the next logical step. Come along, Nyssa. We'll make the necessary preparations.
SANDOZ: I refuse to have any part of it.
DOCTOR: What a disappointment, Lieutenant. We'll try and manage without you.

(Door opens.)
MAUPASSANT: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Good evening. I was hoping I'd find you here, mam'selle.
MAUPASSANT: I enjoy ze library, Doctor. It is serene. And with what 'as 'appened to poor Miss Tremayne, zen moving her to ze Chapel, well, I wanted some time to myself. I do 'ope you can understand zat?
DOCTOR: Of course.
(The clock chimes.)
MAUPASSANT: Now surely it's almost time for you to begin your project.
DOCTOR: Almost. However, I was hoping I might prevail upon you to change your mind and take part.
MAUPASSANT: I'm afraid not.
DOCTOR: Very well. I'd better be getting along to the Music Room, then.
MAUPASSANT: Why ze Music Room, Doctor?
DOCTOR: It seems as good a place as any for a séance. And our friend the poltergeist seems fond of playing the piano, so I thought it might be tempted to manifest itself in there.
MAUPASSANT: Are you certain zis is an entirely safe course of action? Ze children are, I fear, now under my direct protection, and I would not wish them to come to any harm.
DOCTOR: Nothing is ever entirely safe. Are you sure you won't join us?
MAUPASSANT: Please try to understand. I can't. I'm too frightened by ze idea.
DOCTOR: And the good Lieutenant's already refused to take part, which just leaves Alison, Nyssa and Peril. We won't need a very large table.

PERIL: I'm going to get the giggles.
ALISON: Quiet, Peril.
DOCTOR: Please, girls, try and take this seriously.
NYSSA: Well, I know how they feel, Doctor. Sitting here in the dark holding hands, it's ridiculous.
DOCTOR: I only ask you to all keep an open mind and wait patiently.
NYSSA: For what, exactly?
DOCTOR: A manifestation.
(The piano plays.)
NYSSA: There.
ALISON: No, it was Peril.
PERIL: (laughs) Sorry.
DOCTOR: Now listen to me. There is more at stake here than you know. This is not a game.
PERIL: Sorry, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Concentrate, or our visitors will never come.
HARDING: Don't be so hard on the girl. I'm already here.
NYSSA: Who said that?
DOCTOR: Is someone there?
HARDING: Yes. Me.
ALISON: Well, what do you know?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Be quiet. (normal) Who are you? We can't see you, you understand, only hear you.
HARDING: Harding. Harding Wellman.
DOCTOR: The plaque in the Chapel. Harding Wellman.
HARDING: At your service.
DOCTOR: You were killed in an avalanche.
HARDING: Yes, that makes sense. All I remember is an obliterating rush of white. But I wish you wouldn't use that word, though.
DOCTOR: Avalanche?
HARDING: Killed.
DOCTOR: Sorry. Indelicate of me.
NYSSA: Doctor, I still find this hard to believe.
DOCTOR: Why? What's so difficult? Harding is a being of pure energy who possesses the memories and intellect of an English climber killed, er, lost in an avalanche in these mountains some fifty years ago.
NYSSA: I can't believe you're saying he's a ghost.
DOCTOR: He isn't. He's a floating cloud of energy which has the power to focus itself and move physical objects. Often with dramatic results.
NYSSA: In other words, a ghost.
HARDING: I wish you wouldn't talk about a chap like that. It's downright hurtful.
DOCTOR: What else can you remember, Mister Wellman?
HARDING: Oh, let me see. Not a lot, really. Some people, very sad. I remember wondering what had upset them though. Dressed in black. Oh, I suppose that was a funeral. Oh, *my* funeral. Mmm. Well, lots of people came, so that must have been nice. Oh, and the bouquets. Marvellous bouquets.
ALISON: Flowers?
HARDING: Yes. I can still smell them now. Yes, marvellous. All my favourites.
PERIL: Doctor, I can smell them too. Smells like the rose bushes at home, fresh just after the rain. Don't you think, Ali? Roses. Ali?
DOCTOR: Alison, what's wrong?
ALISON: It's all right. It's just a touch of migraine.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, but isn't this fascinating? Mister Wellman here recalls the flowers and we can all smell them as well.
HARDING: Oh dear.
PERIL: What's wrong?
HARDING: I feel a bit odd.
DOCTOR: Everyone, out of here. To the kitchen, immediately!
PERIL: Why?
(Things start smashing.)
NYSSA: That's why.
PERIL: The table is moving!
DOCTOR: Quickly, out!

(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Is everyone all right?
PERIL: Alison's still a bit green around the gills.
ALISON: I'm all right. My migraine's going off now.
DOCTOR: And so is the poltergeist, by the sound of it.
HARDING: Thank God that's over.
PERIL: You came with us?
HARDING: Of course. The Doctor said for *everyone* to take shelter in the kitchen. And just as well. That terrible racket.
NYSSA: I don't understand. It's you causing the phenomenon.
HARDING: Nonsense. I was as much a victim of it as you were.
PERIL: A haunted ghost?
DOCTOR: How intriguing. Tell me, Mister Wellman.
HARDING: Harding, Doctor. Please.
DOCTOR: Of course. Harding. Tell me, what were you doing in Switzerland when you were, er, when you had your accident?
HARDING: Oh, on holiday. Once I year I come, came, out here. Being doing that since I was a boy. Marvellous countryside, you see, and lots of friends in the area. Started skiing as part of, well, I wanted to get away now and again.
NYSSA: Oh? From what?
HARDING: Ah, yes. Bit awkward, really. Chap doesn't like to talk about such things. It's not the sort of thing a fellow wants trumpeted around.
DOCTOR: Times change, Harding, and I think it might be very important.
HARDING: Hmm. Right. Well, I suffered from fits. Epilepsy and
DOCTOR: Of course. And when the poltergeist force is unleashed, you know nothing about it.
HARDING: Precisely. Didn't even know it was me until you said so. Still not sure about it.
NYSSA: If I understand this correctly, Doctor, Harding experiences a kind of seizure.
HARDING: Well, I
PERIL: And you think that is the key to what is happening?
DOCTOR: Yes. The mechanism works something like this. He causes a smell to manifest, the smell triggers a migraine in Alison.
NYSSA: Causing her telepathy in turn to trigger Peril and unleash her powers.
DOCTOR: Which affects Harding Wellman, interacting with the neural trace of his epilepsy, throwing out dangerous surges of power.
NYSSA: Which is what destroyed the helicopter.
DOCTOR: And much else besides. Come outside and have a walk with me, Nyssa. It's a beautiful evening.
NYSSA: Beautiful? Are you joking? It's freezing.
DOCTOR: Then we'll go somewhere else. Come along, Nyssa. Do excuse us.
(Door opens and closes.)
ALISON: Uh oh. They're going to have a serious chat.
PERIL: So, tell us, Mister Wellman, what's it like being a ghost in an all-girls school?
HARDING: Well, I, er, chap doesn't, you know, talk about these things, and er
PERIL: Oh, come on.

(Tardis console room hum.)
NYSSA: Thank you. The Tardis is warmer and far more comfortable than outside. Now, are you going to tell me what all this mystery is about?
DOCTOR: It is about who is behind this and why, and I fear I might know the answer.
NYSSA: Are you going to explain to me, or do I have to try and guess?
DOCTOR: I'll endeavour to explain. You see, what we have here is a unique configuration. Harding and Alison and Peril Bellamy are linked in a kind of psychic daisy chain. Each one triggers the next. In effect, they form a kind of
NYSSA: Gestalt entity.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Three beings united into a whole more powerful than the sum of its parts. This is more complex than I imagined, and much more dangerous.
NYSSA: Why?
DOCTOR: Because I don't believe these three came together by accident. This has been carefully planned, and I think I know who's behind it, and why.
NYSSA: Then tell me.

(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I'll have to show you instead.

DOCTOR: What we need to do is. Oh, hello, Alison.
ALISON: Hello, Doctor. Nyssa.
NYSSA: You seem very fond of the Tardis, Alison.
DOCTOR: Have you been waiting out here for long?
ALISON: I heard you come up to the attic. I thought if I waited for you to come out of the Police Box, you might let me have a glimpse inside?
DOCTOR: You know I can't do that.
(Tardis door closes.)
ALISON: I was afraid you were going to leave us.
NYSSA: Not yet, evidently.
DOCTOR: No, I just had to fetch this. Do you know what this is?
ALISON: No, but it looks like an umbrella made of neon spaghetti that's been crossed with a phosphorescent jellyfish.
DOCTOR: Well, it may look like that, but what in fact it is, is a Spillage detector. Or to be more precise, a Spillager detector.
ALISON: And what is a Spillager?
NYSSA: That's the question I've been asking.
DOCTOR: They're a form of life.
ALISON: Alien life?
DOCTOR: You might call them that. A more accurate description would be that they exist in a different dimension from us.
NYSSA: And you think these beings are behind the poltergeist activity?
DOCTOR: Yes. And something considerably larger and more worrying.
ALISON: What?
DOCTOR: First we're going to confirm my suspicions. Shall we get started, Nyssa?
ALISON: Can I come along?
DOCTOR: No, I'm afraid not. We're going to the Chapel.
ALISON: But that's where Miss Tremayne's body is.
DOCTOR: Yes. We're going to conduct an autopsy.

NYSSA: Doctor, I don't understand. You say that the Spillage detector wasn't malfunctioning, yet it accidentally teleported me here.
DOCTOR: Not accidentally, as it turns out. You see, when I built this device
NYSSA: Keep it away from me.
(Low hum.)
DOCTOR: When I built I was confident it would work, but I wasn't sure how.
NYSSA: So you're saying that when it transported me here
DOCTOR: It was detecting Spillage in a very basic way.
NYSSA: Basic is right.
DOCTOR: But effective. It sent you here partially because of your own psychic tendencies, but primarily because I was bound to follow, and here we are.
NYSSA: Yes. With the body of that poor woman.
DOCTOR: If only I could have stopped the Lieutenant shooting her.
NYSSA: What are you trying to learn from this autopsy?
DOCTOR: If the Spillagers are behind this, they will have sent one of their race on ahead, an advance guard for their invasion force.
NYSSA: Invasion force?
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm afraid that's what it comes down to. But at least we've stumbled onto their plan in time to do something about it. Now, let's uncover the body. Now, the Spillage detector.
(Short hum.)
DOCTOR: Curious.
NYSSA: You don't look pleased.
DOCTOR: It seems the headmistress is human, and nothing more.
NYSSA: But isn't that good news?
DOCTOR: On the contrary. It suggests that the agent of the Spillagers is still alive and active among us.

NYSSA: You mean
DOCTOR: Wait here please, Nyssa.

(Door opens.)
MAUPASSANT: Hello again.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry to disturb you, mademoiselle.
MAUPASSANT: On ze contrary, Doctor. I'm delighted to see you.
DOCTOR: Mam'selle, I wonder if you could tell me who was responsible for selecting the students who came to this school?
MAUPASSANT: Miss Tremayne, naturally.
DOCTOR: Naturally.
MAUPASSANT: Wiz my 'elp, of course. Why do you ask?
DOCTOR: Because I believe someone has been systematically selecting girls with a history on psychic ability and assembling them here.
MAUPASSANT: (laughs) Creating a school for witches?
DOCTOR: If you like, though Peril Bellamy would call them the Adept.
MAUPASSANT: Really, Doctor, why would anyone do such a thing?
DOCTOR: It's a kind of talent hunt conducted by the Spillagers.
MAUPASSANT: The Spillagers?
DOCTOR: Or to be more accurate, a Spillager advance scout. One who was preparing to open a gateway.
MAUPASSANT: Advance scout? Gateway? Really, you've lost me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I don't think so. A gateway is what this is all about. That is why the special girls, the Adepts, were brought here. That is why the gestalt was being created.
MAUPASSANT: To open a gateway?
DOCTOR: That's right. For the Spillagers.
MAUPASSANT: An odd name. A sort of combination of spiller and pillager.
DOCTOR: I doubt it's what they call themselves, but that's how they've become known to the rest of the galaxy. And it's been well chosen. They spill out of one dimension into another, invading it like a virus that infests a cell, destroys it and then moves on to the next.
MAUPASSANT: 'ow terrible.
DOCTOR: Yes. And if they manage to break through into *this* dimension, humanity will be reduced to a stain on the abattoir floor.
MAUPASSANT: What a disturbing image, Doctor. Now, here's another
(Her voice deepens with squelching overtones.)
SPILLAGER: Disturbing image for you.
DOCTOR: Just as I suspected.
ALISON: Doctor? Oh, my God! What is that?
DOCTOR: It was your French mistress. Now, however, it's reverting to its true form as a Spillager.
ALISON: It's vile! What do we do?
DOCTOR: Run, I suggest, to the kitchen. We must find Peril and the Lieutenant.
SPILLAGER: Doctor, come back. Don't you want a closer inspection? And Alison? Your homework is late. I shall have to mark you down. (laughs)

(Running feet.)
DOCTOR: The door, quickly!
(Door slams.)
PERIL: Doctor, Ali, what's wrong?
DOCTOR: Ah, Peril, you're here. Excellent.
ALISON: It's this thing. It's chasing us.
SPILLAGER [OC]: Oh Alison, your translation is late. You're a bad girl.
ALISON: Please, Doctor, do something.
DOCTOR: Precisely what I intend, if only we can somehow summon Harding.
HARDING: I'm here, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Excellent. Forgive me. Sometimes it's hard to tell.
SPILLAGER [OC]: And I can detect Peril Bellamy in there with you. And her grammar is terrible.
PERIL: It's Mademoiselle Maupassant!
DOCTOR: It was.
ALISON: Doctor, please!

DOCTOR: Yes, now, now Harding.
HARDING: At your service, Doctor.
DOCTOR: We need a manifestation, a powerful one, and we need it immediately.
HARDING: Just let me concentrate for a moment.
SPILLAGER [OC]: Repeat after me, Peril. (French declension)
DOCTOR: Harding.
HARDING: I'm trying, Doctor.
ALISON: I can smell something.
PERIL: Mmm, like Christmas punch and scented candles.
DOCTOR: Cloves.
(Banging on door.)
SPILLAGER [OC]: Now, children, let me in. Open the door.
ALISON: Doctor, my head.
DOCTOR: The migraine is starting.
PERIL: That smell of cloves, it's terrible! I'm liable to choke!
HARDING: Sorry, my fault.
ALISON: The pain is terrible.
DOCTOR: Brave heart, Alison. It's only for a moment.
SPILLAGER [OC]: Open the door. This is not funny. Repeat after me. (more French)
HARDING: Doctor, I feel it's, I think it's a
DOCTOR: A seizure, yes.
PERIL: But I don't feel anything.
DOCTOR: Don't worry, your role is passive.
(Scraping.)
PERIL: Doctor, the table! It's moving!
DOCTOR: Excellent.
PERIL: A floating table, just what I've always wanted.
DOCTOR: Now, all three of you, listen to me. Direct the energy at our unwanted visitor.
ALISON: Doctor, the table!
(Whoosh, crash, squelch.)
DOCTOR: Well, I suppose that's one way of opening a door.)
PERIL: You call that passive?
ALISON: That thing, the Spillager, it's crushed.
DOCTOR: Yes. Dead.
HARDING: Good Lord, it's hideous!
ALISON: It didn't look much better when it was alive.
PERIL: That's the first time I've seen a kitchen table used as a deadly weapon. Except perhaps when my Mum was cooking.
ALISON: Don't touch it, Doctor. It's horrible.
PERIL: Oh, thank goodness it's all over.
DOCTOR: Far from it, I'm afraid.

(Voices approaching.)
SANDOZ: I'm sure you're mistaken.
NYSSA: I tell you, I heard something.
SANDOZ: Good Lord.
NYSSA: Doctor, what happened?
SANDOZ: What is that thing?
NYSSA: A Spillager?
DOCTOR: Indeed.
SANDOZ: It, it's real?
DOCTOR: Perhaps now you'll begin to believe me, Lieutenant.
SANDOZ: I don't see I have any choice. What do we do with it?
DOCTOR: This particular Spillager is no longer a threat, but we still have the rest of the species to contend with.
PERIL: What, there's more of them?
ALISON: Where?
DOCTOR: Not here, not yet.
NYSSA: That doesn't sound very promising.
DOCTOR: On the contrary. This is a opportunity we can't pass up. An opportunity to strike a blow

against the Spillagers. Harding, Nyssa, girls, you go to the Music Room.
PERIL: Another séance is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Something like that.
ALISON: Smashing.
NYSSA: What are you going to do?
DOCTOR: With the Lieutenant's help, I'll take this body outside. A fully transformed Spillager tends to decompose rather quickly and unpleasantly.
ALISON: Urgh.
DOCTOR: Off you go. Now, Lieutenant, if you'll just help me.
SANDOZ: Yes, of course, Doctor. Er, is it safe to touch?
DOCTOR: (sighs) Come on.

(Piano playing.)
HARDING: Now, ladies, I think I've successfully retuned this delightful instrument.
PERIL: I'm terribly impressed with your playing, Harding.
HARDING: Oh, it's nothing really.
PERIL: Especially considering you have no fingers.
ALISON: Peril! You'll hurt his feelings.
PERIL: Sorry.
ALISON: Well, we're all ready for the séance. I wonder what's keeping the Doctor?
PERIL: And Peter. I think I'll go and look for them.
NYSSA: No, Peril, wait!
(Door closes.)
ALISON: Too late. I'm afraid once Peril gets the bit between her teeth
NYSSA: The what between her what?
ALISON: Let me explain. It's all to do with horses.

(Strong wind blowing. Walking on snow.)
SANDOZ: Surely this is far enough, Doctor? We'll be up in the mountains if we don't stop soon.
DOCTOR: All right, I suppose so.
SANDOZ: And this thing is heavy.
DOCTOR: It's hardly a proper burial, but I suppose we could put it down here.
SANDOZ: And now we can turn back to the school.
DOCTOR: Yes. The Spillager will soon liquefy and vanish into the snow.
SANDOZ: How disgusting.
DOCTOR: No dangers of any alien autopsies, though. We don't want to confuse the Swiss authorities, do we?
SANDOZ: I suppose not.
PERIL: Peter? Doctor?
SANDOZ: Darling. What are you doing here?
PERIL: I missed you. (kiss) We're all ready, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Excellent.
PERIL: But why another séance?
DOCTOR: Because the correct ritual context should be very useful.
SANDOZ: Correct ritual context for what?
DOCTOR: For striking back at the Spillagers. Their space fleet will begin massing as soon as we open the so-called gate, which in fact is a wormhole is space.
PERIL: You make space sound like a mouldy apple, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Not an entirely inaccurate analogy. Anyway, once the wormhole is open and they attempt to come through, we shall crash it shut, causing a shock wave which will destroy their invasion fleet.
SANDOZ: It's a good plan, Doctor, but I fear there might be a flaw in it.
DOCTOR: Really? What might that be?
PERIL: Peter, what are you doing? Don't point your gun at the Doctor.
SANDOZ: You believed there was only one Spillager advance scout, when in fact there were two. And I am the second.
DOCTOR: Ah yes, well then, you're right, then. It would constitute a flaw.
(Squelching transformation sound.)
PERIL: Peter. Peter, what are you? Oh, my God.
SPILLAGER: How do you like me now, darling? Would you like a little kiss?

PERIL: What *are* you? What have you done with Peter?
DOCTOR: It would seem there never was a Lieutenant Peter Sandoz.
SPILLAGER: On the contrary, there was, but I replaced him some time ago.
DOCTOR: Just as you did with Mademoiselle Maupassant.
SPILLAGER: You are quick, Doctor. Shall we see if you are as quick as a bullet?
DOCTOR: A bullet? Isn't shooting me a bit impersonal? I thought you prefer to use your hands, or rather, your ventral slaying claws.
SPILLAGER: I rejoice in this human method of killing. So convenient and civilised.
DOCTOR: Ah yes, I forgot. The Spillagers have a reputation as connoisseurs of slaughter.
PERIL: I don't believe it.
SPILLAGER: Believe it.
PERIL: Isn't there a trace of Peter left in you?
SPILLAGER: There was never much. Just enough to fool a stupid girl.
PERIL: You dirty swine.
SPILLAGER: Your insults mean as little to me as your love.
PERIL: Doctor, why don't you stop him?
DOCTOR: Admirable sentiment. I'm open to suggestions.
PERIL: But why don't we just conjure the poltergeist effect, like we did with the other one?
DOCTOR: Because neither Alison nor Harding are here. And we need the close proximity of at least the ghost.
HARDING: You know I detest that term, Doctor.
SPILLAGER: He's here.
HARDING: Yes. I decided to leave with Peril. Unsurprisingly, no one noticed. It's really quite fortuitous. Shall we commence, Peril?
PERIL: Why not?
(Gunshot. Peril gasps.)
SPILLAGER: That's why not.
DOCTOR: No!
SPILLAGER: Stupid girl.
HARDING: Peril! He shot her!
SPILLAGER: So it would seem.
DOCTOR: Yes. And it would also seem that brutality breeds stupidity. Without Peril in the gestalt, you've failed. Your mission is aborted. You needed her to open the gateway.
SPILLAGER: It's already open, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, that can't be so.
SPILLAGER: You made the mistake of thinking it would be a swift, dramatic process. Instead, it was slow and silent.
DOCTOR: You've been using energy drained off during each poltergeist manifestation.
SPILLAGER: So you can see it now, now that it's too late. Bwahahahahaha! It was finished almost before you arrived.
(Deep rumble.)
HARDING: Oh no, not again.
SPILLAGER: What is happening?
DOCTOR: It would seem your gunshot has started an avalanche.
SPILLAGER: No! It can't be!
DOCTOR: Farewell!
SPILLAGER: Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

PERIL: Where am I?
DOCTOR: In your bedroom, safe and sound.
PERIL: I'm alive.
DOCTOR: Yes, luckily.
PERIL: The last thing I remember is a rumbling noise.
DOCTOR: Yes, the avalanche. I managed to get a hold of you and avoid the deepest part of the slide.
PERIL: What happened to
DOCTOR: To Peter?
PERIL: Yes. No, no. To that, that thing.
DOCTOR: It was buried in the snow. It probably suffocated.
PERIL: He never loved me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, I'm afraid not.

PERIL: Now I feel like I'm buried in the snow.

(Door opens and closes.)
NYSSA: How is Peril, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Sleeping now. She'll be fine.
NYSSA: What was that you put on the wound?
DOCTOR: A maturtation living poultice. It's a lifeform which feeds on projectile wounds.
NYSSA: I've heard of them. It will reabsorb the bullet and repair any tissue damage.
DOCTOR: Except for a broken heart.
NYSSA: Still, she can join the séance and help destroy the Spillagers.
DOCTOR: Unfortunately not. She'll need to rest for several days and we must act more quickly than that.
NYSSA: Then how can we proceed, Doctor?
DOCTOR: You'll simply have to replace her.
NYSSA: Me?
DOCTOR: You've already demonstrated rudimentary psi ability. We'll just have to hope that's enough.

COMMODORE: The gateway is open to the fleet, Empress.
EMPRESS: Good. A fresh dimension beckons. We shall suck their life straight into our ventral slaying claws.
COMMODORE: Shall we enter the new dimension, Empress?
EMPRESS: Forward, Commodore.
COMMODORE: Yes, Empress.
EMPRESS: Onwards!
COMMODORE: Yes, your Eminence.
(Engines power up, then down again.)
EMPRESS: We've powered down.
COMMODORE: Yes, Empress.
EMPRESS: Why?
COMMODORE: I am endeavouring to find out.
(Alarm.)
EMPRESS: We've stopped!
COMMODORE: Yes, Empress.
EMPRESS: The engines are faulty. Repair them!
COMMODORE: No, Empress. According to my instruments, it is the wormhole.
EMPRESS: What do you mean?
COMMODORE: The wormhole is closing, your Mightiness.
EMPRESS: Closing? Are you certain?
COMMODORE: Certain, Empress.
(Alarm.)
EMPRESS: But our fleet is inside.
COMMODORE: Irretrievably, your Worship.
EMPRESS: I smell the claws of the Doctor in this.
COMMODORE: Who, Empress?
EMPRESS: He is. Oh, never mind.
COMMODORE: What shall we do. Mightiness?
EMPRESS: Die, you fool. That's what we shall do.
(Crushing of metal then KaBOOM! Repeat at various distances.)

ALISON: Look, Doctor. A shooting star.
DOCTOR: Er, no, Alison. It's a flare of burning hydrogen. All that remains of the Spillager's invasion fleet.
ALISON: Oh. I've already made a wish.
DOCTOR: What did you wish for?
ALISON: I mustn't tell you or it won't come true.

(Tardis hum.)
PERIL: So why did the Doctor want me here in the attic, Nyssa?
HARDING: Yes, he told me to be here too.

NYSSA: I imagine he wanted to say goodbye to you.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: On the contrary, Nyssa. I wanted to offer our friends a ride.
ALISON: A ride?
DOCTOR: In the Tardis. I'll take you home.
HARDING: But where *is* home? I don't feel I can stay here, but where can I go now?
PERIL: Come with me.
HARDING: I beg your pardon?
PERIL: Come home with me.
HARDING: Really?
PERIL: Oh, sure. It'll be fun. You'll fit right in. And won't Mother be surprised.
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Please, step inside.

PERIL: Good Heavens.
HARDING: Very impressive.
ALISON: But it's bigger on the
NYSSA: Yes, yes, yes.
HARDING: You sound positively bored.
(Tardis door closes.)
NYSSA: One can get used to almost anything.
DOCTOR: So, home for Christmas, then, young ladies. And there won't be any snow-filled passes to stop this vehicle getting you there.
(The Tardis engines sound wrong.)
ALISON: Is something wrong, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Just a minor malfunction.
NYSSA: We're stranded.
DOCTOR: Don't be ridiculous.
NYSSA: Stranded in this freezing place.
DOCTOR: Don't be so absurdly pessimistic.
NYSSA: (sighs) Here we go again.
DOCTOR: Fetch the tool kit please, Nyssa. Peril, Alison, Mister Wellman. I wonder if you'd settle for home for Boxing Day?

OLDER ALISON [narrating]: And so I close my diary. Still the memories come to me unbidden, of night and snow, the ghost, and fear. Of an unwanted gift that saved us all when it was winter for the Adept. And I remember a wish I made that came true, when I rode in the Tardis with the man they call the Doctor.

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